

THE LEISURE HOUR

A FAMILY JOURNAL OF INSTRUCTION AND RECREATION.

"BEHOLD IN THESE WHAT LEISURE HOURS DEMAND,—AMUSEMENT AND THEIR KNOWLEDGE HAND IN HAND."—*Cooper.*



STRANGE BEHAVIOUR OF MY GUIDE.

ADVENTURES ASHORE AND AFLOAT.

A RIDE THROUGH THE MALLEE.

II.

As I followed my guide I endeavoured to enter into conversation with him, but he had suddenly become very taciturn, which he accounted for by saying that his head ached, or, to use his own term, "Cobra plenty sore;" and, upon looking, I observed that he had tied a string tightly round it. When we were still in the timber, but near the edge of the mallee, I noticed him peering between the trees, and presently he gave a coo-ey, and another black approached us. The two

stopped and conversed together for some minutes; and as I knew the general direction of our route, I was about to ride on, but Rowan asked me not to go without him. I turned, therefore, and came up to them, and, in offering some tobacco, was instantly struck by the aspect of the two men. Rowan told me his countryman was gathering emus' eggs and looking for opossums; but I very much doubted the fact when I saw the peculiar expression of his eye. He was evidently in a condition of suppressed excitement about something or other, and Rowan's demeanour also betrayed emotion; but I did not for a single moment suspect that I was in any way

concerned in it. I concluded that some affair of importance to themselves or tribe, some danger threatening, or revenge to be followed up, occupied their thoughts. I was well acquainted with them by this time, and I knew the calm, indifferent manner with which the Australian black usually sets about doing any ordinary thing. I had spent days in succession in the bush in their company, shooting or botanizing, or witnessing their modes of procuring game. In short, I had seen much of them under different circumstances, and had remarked that when any emotion was passing through their minds their eyes were almost certain to betray the fact, by their unsteady glistening glances, and that the close observer could always read the cunning, greed, fear, or treachery lurking behind.

Thinking little of the circumstance, I turned and rode down to drink at a water-hole which there skirted our path, and in a few minutes Rowan joined me, saying that he would go first always, to show the way, and that I must follow him a few yards behind. After going another mile or so he began to sing, and soon was shouting a corrobory song at the top of his voice.

"Why, Rowan," said I, "where is your headache now?"

"Oh, all gone!" he said, without stopping or looking round; "that one—blackfellow—carry bottle—rum—gib me some! All right now cobra;" and again he raised his song, beating the bushes as he passed along. Much astonished at this information, I asked where any black could obtain spirits in that lonely bush; and he replied that the man had the day before exchanged emus' eggs, and a turkey he had shot, for rum, at the inn, fifteen miles off. That such an exchange was possible I knew, but that any black could keep a bottle of rum two days, without its being drunk by himself or friends, seemed to me so incredible that a vague suspicion came over me as I observed Rowan dancing along, always keeping in front, and always checking me if I showed any intention of preceding him. Sometimes he would relapse into silence, and again break out, accompanying his voice with blows on the trees whenever we were passing through the belts of mallee. Thus we went for some miles more, until we came to a range, on the other side of which there was a creek with two or three water-holes. Halting half-way down this range, and holding out his arm to stop my horse, he, without turning his head (and the persistent manner in which he kept in front, and his face always turned from me, had forcibly struck me at last), said, in a low voice—

"Hold on! You see that one creek? Mine tink duck sit down there!"

"There are no ducks there, Rowan," I said; "it is getting late; push ahead."

"Stop!" he said, barring my way; "stop! 'pose no duck, there plenty lobster;* I go fetch some. You hold on a bit."

Decidedly, I thought, this man is tipsy; and yet, impossible! We have come many miles. The fumes of the spirit must have evaporated. I watched him uneasily, as, stooping and screening himself by a long fringe of bushes which ran down to the creek, he crept forward. Vexed by the delay, I was about to ride on at all hazards; but, observing this, he made an imperative gesture, and actually levelled his gun at me. I thought it best to stop; and he then went on and disappeared in the bed of the creek. The range I was on was free from scrub generally, and timbered, and, by dismounting and shifting my position, I could watch

his antics, unseen myself. The water-hole was about a hundred yards from where I stood, and round this he walked several times, looking down at the water, and now and then darting a spear in; but he got no lobsters. He then suddenly stopped at the foot of a large tree, and began walking round it, looking up into its boughs as if he saw something there, and again singing his song, and calling to me to come along. When I got down he trotted on in front, as usual, our path now leading between a belt of reeds, which bordered the creek (along which we were to go for some distance) on one side, and the mallee, which had recommenced, on the other. We had still some miles more of this scrub to pass through; but from this creek there was a dray-track, which rendered my guide's services more needless; and I had got so disgusted with his monotonous song, and his strange behaviour altogether, that I determined to ride on and leave him. Just as we were ascending from the creek, however, the scrub being some twenty yards from us, and winding along like a wall, I heard the cry of a very curious bird which inhabits it, of which I had long desired to procure a specimen, and this cry was answered by another, apparently some distance farther on. I pulled up and asked Rowan to go in and try and shoot it for me; but he refused. I then asked him to lend me the gun; but this request he also refused, on the plea that it was "piccaninny daylight"—i.e., that the day was short, and we had no time to lose. I told him I did not want him any longer, and that he might now turn back; but he paid no attention to me. Angry at his unreasonable conduct, I put spurs to my horse and was cantering past him, but he was after me in a moment, and, as the track was narrow just at that spot, he succeeded in intercepting me before I could get my horse into speed, shouting at the same time with such vehemence for me to come back, that, astonished and irritated, I demanded what he meant by such behaviour.

"What for you pull away, like it that?" he said, angrily. "No good; that one stupid whitefellow you!" Then, observing my look of surprise, he checked his vehemence, and added more calmly, "I say, look here! Always," and he laid his hand on my knee impressively, as he repeated the word, "always you let 'um blackfellow fast time pull away; then whitefellow coruballee" (follow). His face was turned up to me as he spoke, and for the first time that day, since leaving the station, I had a full view of it; and, as I sat on my horse and looked down into his eyes, I saw there, not the artificial stimulus produced by spirits, but something else which filled me with an indefinable feeling of alarm. What was the exact meaning of the expression which glittered in those yellow orbs, with their dark, dilated pupils, I could not fathom; but one thing I felt instinctively—viz., that I read in them danger of some kind hovering near. There was a wild gleam of excitement, mingled with expectation, and apparently apprehension, as, avoiding my fixed look, they roved round the limited landscape of reeds and scrub, which could not be mistaken; and, quick as lightning, there flashed upon my memory all the events of the preceding thirty-six hours, each one trifling in itself, but, combined, forming a chain of evidence which overwhelmed me with the conviction that I had run into deadly peril. The refusal of all the blacks to guide me, the scene at the camp, and the questions put as to my journey and the locality of my future stay, all recurred to me. I recalled my conversation with Mr. Scott, which, indeed, I had several times thought of as I rode along, and a suspicion, amounting to conviction, that the man supposed to have been lost had in reality been killed on his journey, seized me, and

* A species of crayfish, so called by the settlers inhabiting the waters of the interior.

that, too probably, that dismal scrub had witnessed other similar scenes of bloodshed and revenge. A sickening dread came over me, as I expected every moment the deadly spears of the lurking savages would come whizzing from their cover and transfix me as I sat. I put up a fervent prayer to the Almighty that he would guard me from all danger, and then I grew a little calmer. During the few moments these thoughts were passing through my mind with electric speed, Rowan had again gone ahead, and I followed, trying to think composedly; for I confess that the shock of this sudden and terrible suspicion had quite unnerved me, for I was unarmed, and could make no resistance. I reflected, however, that the only object of my guide could be to save me, if possible. Were I killed, I should be missed, and he would be held responsible. I saw now that the meeting with the black was not accidental, and that the device of pretending that he had drunk some spirits had been adopted in order to account for what would appear otherwise to be the strangeness of his conduct, in shouting and singing as he did, doubtless to warn any straggler out of the way, and that his behaviour at the water-hole, where a party was lurking watching us, was a signal agreed upon to intimate that I was to pass by unmolested.

I was somewhat reassured by these reflections; still, I could not but move on in great trepidation. I happened to have had given me by Mr. Scott a copy of an English newspaper, which I now pulled out and pretended to read; an act which accounted for my dismounting and leading my horse, or rather allowing him to walk alongside me, so that I might be screened by his body from any spear which might be hurled from the scrub on my right, reeds margining the creek being on my left. Suddenly I remembered my intended companion of the preceding day, and an intense anxiety to ascertain whether he had been allowed to pass unmolested took possession of me. The black had conducted me, hitherto, by a different route from that which we would have followed together; but I knew the man must pass over this dray-track we were then on, for Mr. Scott had described it to me, and mentioned it as leading from a station ten miles above him to the plains bordering the Murray. Until reaching the spot where we now were, several routes might be selected by those who knew the country; but, as this creek led direct through six miles of the densest scrub, there was no other way possible for drays than by skirting its banks.

It was a road seldom trod, even by pedestrians; probably not more than half-a-dozen drays in the course of a year would pass along it, and perhaps two or three times a week a horseman. There had been heavy rain some days before, so that any tracks made since would be plainly visible; and when, looking down, I saw the hoof-marks of a horse, evidently of recent date, and I traced its course with feverish interest, Rowan seemed to think that his conduct required explanation; and, after walking on awhile, he suddenly stopped, and, in his imperfect English, gave me to understand that, if I rode on first, any lurking warrigal blacks seeing me would, from the cap I wore, take me for one of the police, and, being alone, might be tempted to spear me. I pretended to believe him; but I knew, as well as he did himself, that his enemies, after making the asserted attack of the previous day, would never wait in the neighbourhood of the occurrence. I asked him if it had happened there, and he said yes, a little farther on. I could perceive that he immediately became conscious of the mistake he had made; for, had two white men on horseback really come up at the time, as Rowan had told Mr. Scott, their tracks would be still visible. My glance fell on the

road; only one track was there to be seen; and, as I raised my eyes, they met those of the black, and I became immediately aware that, by my own folly in thus betraying my knowledge of his falsehood, I had infinitely increased my peril. I tried to walk on unconcernedly, and to look unconscious, pretending to read my paper, under cover of which I observed him from time to time casting furtive glances at me from beneath his shaggy brows; and the expression in his eye made my heart sink within me. Evidently he feared that I had guessed the truth, and that I would, as soon as I reached any station, tell my suspicions, and denounce him and his tribe as murderers of the white men; and full well he knew what would follow. Every instant I expected that the savage, obeying the impulse of the moment, and impelled by the desire to screen himself and countrymen from destruction, would suddenly halt and shoot me with the gun he held. Never shall I forget the agony of those moments.

The mallee, or scrub, in general came pretty close to the creek, but sometimes receded for fifty or a hundred yards, forming small plains, which were, however, thickly dotted with clumps or islands of bushes, amongst which the road wound. Such spots were admirably adapted for an ambush, as these bushes afforded concealment for any lurking party. Suddenly, in passing through one of these, I noticed that the track I was watching terminated in two deep marks, as if made by the sliding hoofs of a horse abruptly pulled up by its rider, and that afterwards it swerved towards the creek, the ground being trampled and deeply indented here and there, as if by the continued plunging of the animal amongst the bushes. Like one fascinated, I looked at these terrible indications of the death-struggle which I was convinced had there taken place. I knew that the black was watching me; but it seemed as if I had no power, for the moment, to turn my eyes away.

"What name, that one?" he said, pointing to the marks and fixing his glaring eyes upon me—meaning to ask me what I thought had caused them. I answered, as composedly as I could, but my voice and features must have betrayed the agitation within, that it seemed as if the horse had suddenly commenced buckjumping, and perhaps had thrown his rider.

The black laughed. "Yes, big one buckjump;" and then added, "You know that fellow? ride 'um this one yarrow-man (horse)?" I replied that I had seen him the previous day, and that I was about to ride with him to the Murray, when Mr. Scott sent back for me. I hoped that the mention of Mr. Scott's name would recall to the black's recollection the little acts of kindness I had done, and remind him that if anything happened to me that gentleman would soon know or suspect it; for I felt that my life hung, as it were, by a thread. It was evident that Rowan had not been aware until then that I had started to accompany this man, against whom he commenced to inveigh with great vehemence, working himself up to a pitch of unbounded fury as he described, partly in his broken English, but often in his own language, this man's doings. I have mentioned before that he had been a shepherd on a neighbouring station; and it seemed, from Rowan's account, that he had resided in the district for some years after its first settlement, and distinguished himself by his atrocious usage of the unfortunate blacks. He had long been absent from that part of the country, however, and was only now returning for a temporary visit, for the purpose of shearing. But the blacks had neither forgotten nor forgiven him; and no sooner was he recognised than they determined on revenge. My feelings may be imagined as I listened to

the infuriated savage as he denounced this miserable man, whose body, I had no doubt, lay in the adjacent mallee, together with that of his horse, which would be slain to avert any chance of its leading to a discovery. My mouth was parched; but, although the creek was close by, I dreaded to drink, lest I should be struck down as I stooped. Presently Rowan got calmer, and after a halt of a few minutes by the water side we resumed our way again, the black walking slowly a little in advance and to one side of me, sometimes halting abruptly and then going on again. I saw plainly that a struggle was going on in his mind, and I kept my eye fixed on him, watching every movement and no longer pretending to read. Most providential was it for me that, when the blacks at the camp had particularly questioned me as to whether my friend near Swan Hill expected my arrival, I was able to answer yes; otherwise, I really think I should never have reached my destination alive.

What the result would have been had this state of things continued it is impossible to say. Certainly there appeared at this juncture every likelihood that I should have been added as another to the number of victims whose bones were bleaching in that dismal mallee. Rowan's fingers were playing nervously about the lock of his gun, while I was calculating my chances if I put spurs to my horse and endeavoured to ride off, risking the fire of both his barrels, which in that event he would be certain to discharge after me. Most earnestly did I offer up my supplications for deliverance from the formidable dangers by which I was compassed about; and it pleased God to answer them; for suddenly we heard behind us a great tramping of horses, and soon a drove of them came in sight round a bend of the road. In their rear appeared two or three men in the dress of stockmen; but what instantly arrested Rowan's attention was the sight of two others riding abreast behind all. Only their heads could be seen, and that indistinctly, from time to time, through the moving crowd of horses which blocked up the road; but his quick eye detected the blue caps of the much-dreaded border police, and, turning round, he bounded forward swiftly, and disappeared in the mallee.

My feelings of relief at this sudden and most providential interruption may be imagined. The party consisted of a squatter, whose station adjoined that of my friend whom I was going to visit, and his two men, who were bringing a number of horses he had purchased higher up the river down to his run. The two troopers were bound to Swan Hill, and had accompanied the party, as they themselves did not know the road through the mallee.

Almost on the very day that I was passing through this trying ordeal, it happened that some inkling of what had been so long going on unsuspected amongst them was obtained by the squatters about Ganawarra. The police were put upon the track, and it was ascertained beyond a doubt that this system of secret revenge for their real or fancied wrongs had been going on for years undetected. Upon promise that his life should be spared, one of the younger men implicated confessed, and led the police to the principal localities where the murders had been perpetrated; and near the banks of the creek which Rowan and I traversed, hidden some hundreds of yards within the scrub, were found the remains of some twenty-eight or thirty human beings; but it was supposed that the total number of the victims even exceeded this. The ringleaders in the plot, which involved the principal members of several tribes, were Rowan and Billy the Bull, who had, in fact, received

his fractured ribs by a blow from the butt-end of the gun which the unfortunate shepherd had carried, and with which he had defended himself desperately, though fruitlessly, for a short time, until overpowered by numbers. Most of the blacks, with the ringleaders, took to the scrub, where they were hunted and shot down by the border police.

Never shall I forget my ride through the mallee, or the signal mercy vouchsafed to me therein.

HINTS ON LEGAL TOPICS.

XI.—LANDLORD AND TENANT.

ALMOST every reader of these pages must be either a landlord or a tenant: many must be both; and, apart from the ties of kindred, it is difficult, perhaps, to fix upon any relation of life which is more universally diffused than that of the owner and the occupier of property.

A brief consideration of this extensive subject shows that it naturally diverges into two main branches, not differing from each other much as to legal principles, but having a great contrariety in practice. Under one head may be included leases of farms, mines, and minerals; under the other, leases of houses and dwellings of all kinds. The expressions "country leases" and "town leases" may be used to designate the same distinction in a shorter form of words.

In the following particulars, however, all leases, whether of lands, houses, shops, warehouses, mines, wharves, mills, manufactories, fairs, rights of way, or other property relating to land (not being copyhold), equally concur.

A lease by parol—i.e., by word of mouth only—is perfectly good if for a period *not exceeding three years* from the time of making it, and wherein the rent reserved is at least two-thirds of the improved value of the property.

All other leases (except in some instances where the oral contract has been followed by part performance) must be in writing, and, further, since the year 1845, must be not only in writing but *by deed*, otherwise they will be void in law. Assignments and surrenders of leases must also be by deed (except in the case of copyhold interests).

This enactment (the Act of 1845) would have been followed by great hardships and inconveniences were it not for the equitable jurisdiction of the Court of Chancery, which holds that an instrument purporting to be a letting of a farm or a dwelling by one man to another, though void *as a lease*, because not sealed and delivered so as to be a deed, is yet good *as an agreement*, and may be specifically enforced by either party against the other.

This brings us to inquire what is the difference between a lease and an agreement for a lease—a consideration which it is absolutely necessary to bear in mind, in order to understand the existing state of the law on this subject.

The distinction between a lease and an agreement for a lease is not a technical one, depending on legal form; it is a substantial difference, arising out of the nature of the arrangements which people make with each other. A landlord may let his house or his farm to a tenant for a fixed term, to begin either now, or at some time past, or at some time future, and at a fixed rent. This is a lease. On the other hand, A. and B. may agree that A. will, when required by B., grant, and that B. will, when required by A., accept, a lease of the property for a specified term, at a specified rent, and that such lease shall

contain certain stipulations and provisos. This is an agreement for a lease.

The first thing, then, that a judge or a lawyer does, when an instrument of this sort comes before him, is to examine it, and see, by the language and contents, whether it is a lease or only an agreement for a lease; in other words, whether it was the intention of the parties, in making it, that it should have the effect of a present demise or letting at once, or that it should be merely an arrangement for a letting at some future day, upon the occurrence of some uncertain event. This is often no easy matter to decide; but, without attempting to enter upon the rules which have been laid down for the construction of these instruments, we will proceed to examine the different results which follow in the two cases. When a regular lease is made, the proper course is that there should be two deeds, one a copy of the other; the latter, *the lease*, to be signed by the landlord and kept by the tenant; the former, called the *counterpart*, to be signed by the tenant and kept by the landlord. When this is done the landlord is entitled to his full rights. If the rent is not paid on the day agreed upon, he can distrain on the tenant's goods, as well as sue him upon his covenants; and almost invariably he is also empowered, if any of the covenants are broken by the tenant (among which punctual payment of rent is one), to re-enter, that is, to resume the possession of his property and put an end to the tenancy. The tenant also is invested with *his* full rights. He becomes entitled to the possession of the property for the full term of years specified, and to the enjoyment of its profits and advantages (subject to payment of rent and observance of covenants), as if he were absolute owner; nor (with like limitations) can he be evicted or disturbed in his possession.

If, on the other hand, there is only an agreement for a lease between the parties, both landlord and tenant are in a far worse position. The effect of an agreement, accompanied by possession, is to create a tenancy at will, which, upon payment of rent, is converted into a tenancy from year to year, upon the terms of the agreement; so that the landlord, until rent is paid, cannot distrain: he can only bring an action for use and occupation. So, also, a tenant is liable, before payment of rent, to be turned out at the will of the landlord, and, after payment of rent, upon receiving six months' notice. The best remedy under such circumstances, for either party, is that of a bill in equity, to compel the other to fulfil his agreement by granting a lease or executing a counterpart; but a suit in Chancery, though no longer either tedious or costly, is nevertheless, in many respects, an inconvenient resource. It may be added, that, when the agreement is under seal, an action will lie on the covenant; but this is not generally a very useful remedy.

Notwithstanding their disadvantages, agreements are still of frequent use in the country, though in town nobody thinks of relying on them. There is often an indisposition to have recourse to a deed between parties, perhaps neighbours, who know and think they can trust each other; all they want is a memorandum to remind them of the understanding they have come to. Very often, too, people involve themselves in the inextricable difficulties of an agreement, from the penny-wise pound-foolish principle of not consulting an attorney, and taking a lease in the first instance.

Until lately, moreover, there was an undoubted pecuniary advantage attending agreements, instead of leases, where the rent was either under £5 or over £20, which will appear from a consideration of the changes that have been made in the stamp laws.

From the year 1815 to 1850, stamps upon ordinary leases were on the following scale:—Where the rent was under £20, the stamp was £1; where it was £20 and under £100, it was £1 10s.; where £100 and under £200, it was £2; where £200 and under £400, £3; and so on, the stamp on a lease with a rent of £1000 being £10. Counterparts of leases bearing a stamp not exceeding £1 bore the same stamp; and counterparts of all other leases bore a £1 10s. stamp, with a progressive duty of £1.

But in the year 1850 a great reduction was made; and the stamp on an ordinary lease, where the rent is not above £5, is now only 6d.; where the rent is over £5 and not over £10, it is 1s.; where over £10 and not over £15, it is 1s. 6d.; where over £15 and not over £20, 2s., and so on; where over £25 and not over £50, it is 5s.; and where over £75 and not over £100, 10s., and 5s. more for every £50 and fractional part of £50 of the rent. At the same time, counterparts of leases were reduced also; and now the counterpart of a lease, the stamp of which is under 5s., bears the same stamp; and when the lease stamp is 5s. and upwards, the counterpart bears a 5s. stamp, with progressive duties according to length.

It may be added, however, that since 1854 a higher scale of stamps has been imposed upon leases for terms of upwards of thirty-five years; also, that we are not speaking of cases where the lease is accompanied by payment of any fine or premium.

Now, from the year 1818 to 1850, agreements under hand only, for leases at rack-rent, where the rent was under £5, were exempt from duty altogether; and where the rent was £5 and upwards, they bore a stamp of £1 only, when under 1080 words in length, and of £1 15s. when over that length, with a progressive duty of £1 5s.

In 1850 the agreement stamp (where the subject-matter was of the value of £20 and upwards) was brought down to 2s. 6d., with a progressive duty of like amount; whilst no alteration was made in the exemption from all duty of agreements for leases where the rent was under £5.

So matters remained until the 3rd of April, 1860, when a very important change was made, under the auspices of Mr. Gladstone. Agreements for leases for terms *not exceeding seven years* are now chargeable with the same stamp as leases for the same number of years and the same rent; whilst agreements for lease for terms *exceeding seven years* are chargeable as ordinary agreements; and the duty on these is by the Act further reduced to sixpence, where the subject-matter is of the value of £5, with a progressive duty of sixpence for every 1080 words over the first 2160.

Where agreements were not merely under hand, but *under seal*, they were, until April 1860, chargeable with the ordinary deed stamp of £1 15s., with £1 5s. followers; but the Act of 1860 makes no distinction in terms between a writing and a deed.

The results of these somewhat technical considerations may be summed up in the following hints:—

If you are about to let or to take a farm, or a house, or lodgings, for a term of not more than three years, a valid lease can be made by word of mouth only; but, inasmuch as no action can be brought upon a verbal agreement, it is safer to have the agreement in writing; and there is this additional advantage, that a writing assists the memory, and removes all doubt and question as to the terms of the agreement.

If you are about either to let or to become the tenant of property for a term of more than three years, and

wish to arm yourself with the security of a lease, then you *must* execute a deed.

If you are about to let or to take a farm or a house for a term of more than three and less than seven years, and are deliberating between an agreement and a lease, it is worth remembering that you will *now* save nothing in duty by having a mere writing, and that you may just as well execute a deed, as far as the stamp is concerned.

A written agreement to let property for a term of years not exceeding seven is only charged 6d. for 2160 words, and 6d. more for every 1080 words beyond, no matter how high the rent may be; whereas a lease for that number of years must be stamped according to the amount of the rent.

If you have particular reasons for preferring an agreement for a lease to a lease itself, then it is important that you should specify your intention clearly; and it is advisable, at the end of the agreement (if it is meant to be one), to add these words: "This instrument is" (or "These presents are") "intended to operate as an agreement only, and not as an actual demise of the premises, or to give to the tenant any legal interest therein until the said lease shall be executed."

It is almost needless to say that the common form of words, which runs as follows: "A. B. agrees to let, and C. D. agrees to take," and so forth, will not of themselves constitute an agreement, but will operate as a lease just as much as if the appropriate formula had been used: "A. B. doth hereby demise and lease unto C. D., etc.," if it should appear from the instrument that it was the intention of the parties to make a present, instead of to agree to make a future demise.

From what has been said it will appear that the words "lease" and "agreement" are used at different times to mean different things; and this consideration will explain all ambiguity. Sometimes the word "lease" is used to mean "present demise," as opposed to "agreement," in the sense of "future intended demise;" at other times the word "lease" is used to signify a "deed," as opposed to "agreement," in the sense of a mere written instrument or verbal expression of consent.

Passing, however, from this, let us examine what different sorts of holdings there may be, and what notices are required to put an end to the various tenancies.

And first, there may be a tenancy for a *fixed* number of years, as seven, ten, fifty, or even a thousand; and then, in the absence of any special provision in the lease, the lessee and his representatives remain in for the whole of that period, and cannot be removed except upon such notice as is provided for in the lease, or upon breach of some of the covenants. If the tenant becomes bankrupt, his assignees in bankruptcy may either take to his lease and keep it themselves, or they may sell it, at their option. If the tenant commits a felony, the leasehold is forfeited to the Crown, upon conviction; but it is said that a sale of leaseholds by the offender, before conviction, although after the offence has been committed, will not be set aside.

One of the commonest varieties of the last-mentioned tenancy is where a farmer takes a farm for seven, fourteen, or twenty-one years. He is then in for seven years certain; or, if notice is neither given nor taken at or before the specified period, before the end of the seven years, he is in for seven years more, and so on.

Other varieties are where ground is taken for a term of ninety-nine years, for building purposes; or a resident in London takes a house for fifteen years, either as a shop or a dwelling. Each of these varieties presents peculiarities of its own.

But there are also shorter terms, which present several interesting points for consideration.

If you let or take a farm or a house, *without fixing any particular time when the tenancy is to cease*, with a rent to be paid either yearly, half-yearly, or quarterly, this is called a *tenancy from year to year*. This means a tenancy which, unless put an end to by notice on either side, or by surrender on the part of the tenant, is considered to be impliedly renewed at the commencement of every year. The proper period for notice, unless otherwise specified, is six months.

So that, if A. lets a house to B., and B. goes in on the 20th of May, and either on or after the 20th of August pays £15 by way of a quarter's rent up to the 20th of August, this will give rise to the presumption that A. accepts B., and B. agrees to be accepted, as a yearly tenant at a rent of £60. If A. wants to get rid of B. as a tenant under these circumstances, he cannot compel him to go, except on some anniversary of the 19th of May, by giving him notice on or before the previous 19th of November. So, also, if B. wishes to go, he must give notice on or before some 19th of November; otherwise, whether he goes or stays, he must pay the rent for another year.

Of course, there can be a special stipulation that the tenancy shall be put an end to by a quarter's or a month's notice by either party; but even then it can only be at the end of the year, unless it be otherwise agreed beforehand.

The necessity of notices to quit is not superseded by the death of either landlord or tenant. In such case they must be given or received by the representatives of the respective parties.

Very frequently, where there has been a tenancy for a number of years certain, say seven, the time expires, and the tenant still remains in possession. This is called holding over. The tenant is then said to be in only *by sufferance*, and can be turned out without notice; but if the landlord gives his consent to his remaining, he is tenant *at will*.

Even a tenant at will, it is said, can, strictly speaking, be turned out without notice; but the landlord must make a demand of possession, or exercise some act of ownership. Directly, however, that rent is paid and received, a tenancy from year to year is established between the parties.

LIFE IN EGYPT.

BY M. E. WHATELY.

VI.—THE COPTS AND MOSLEMS.

SOME persons imagine that the Copts are so completely distinct from their Mohammedan neighbours as to bear no personal resemblance, and to speak a different language, and have different habits of life in every respect; but this is not the case: in a great many things they are much alike; the only outward distinctions of any importance are those which their different religious beliefs render necessary. When the Saracenic invasion took place, Christianity in Egypt was already at a low ebb, and the want of literature doubtless combined with the tyranny of their conquerors to sink them still lower, and to cause their language to become a mere dead language, understood only by a few learned men. Vast numbers were frightened by the savage policy of the Arabs into apostasy, and their descendants, mingling with the invaders by degrees, form the great bulk of the Egyptian population. The remnant were for a length of time trampled on and despised, and even compelled to wear the distinctive badge of a black turban, while

many more galling restrictions were laid on them; but they now enjoy full liberty, and number among their ranks some of the wealthiest citizens of Cairo and Alexandria. Now that the black turban is no longer obligatory, it is only seen on some of the older Copts, to whom, I suppose, it has become second nature. Most of the younger men, except a few scribes, I think, wear white or red turbans, like every one else, or adopt the red tarbouash and Syrian dress, which is now so commonly worn in Egypt, while a few have even adopted the Frank costume, and, in spite of its being particularly unbecoming to them, sport French coats and tight, ill-made boots, and vulgar, gaudy cravats. The humbler class of Copts, however, are quite undistinguishable from Moslems, both in dress and appearance, unless some habit connected with their religion should betray the difference. All alike speak nothing but Arabic, and the women are alike veiled when abroad: indeed, the Coptic women are as much shut up as the Mohammedans, except those who live in the grand harems of the wealthy pashas' families, whose seclusion is still greater; but among the middle and lower class of people there is hardly any difference in this respect. The Moslem, indeed, may take two or three wives, while the Copt has but one; but this one is either a plaything or a slave, according to her lord's means, and not a helpmate and companion, as a Christian wife ought to be.

In person, I cannot make out any difference, except that the real Arab features, which are occasionally, though not very often, met with among the Moslems of the cities and villages *not* inhabited by Bedouins, are not seen among Copts; but the ordinary Egyptian type is common to both. Every one is aware that the Copts are in a minority; but perhaps all may not know how greatly so. It is computed that at this time there are about a hundred thousand Moslems and ten thousand Copts; so that the former are literally ten to one. The Coptic religion resembles the Roman Catholic in many respects, and the Greek Church in others. The adoration paid to pictures, the worship of the Virgin and saints, the various festivals and fasts, all closely resemble these. The service in their churches also is carried on in great part in an unknown tongue, the Coptic being as unintelligible to the people as Latin to the mass of Roman Catholic worshippers. However, a portion of Scripture is always read in Arabic, which is better than nothing. There does not appear that fear of the Scripture being in the hands of the laity that is often found in Roman Catholic countries; and this gives missionaries a great point of "vantage-ground." But their education is so very limited at present, that the priests are only now beginning to associate the reading of Scripture with abandonment of the rites and ceremonies and dogmas of their church, and occasionally to persecute those who throw them aside. Since the last twenty years, several Coptic females are to be found who had learned when scholars at Mrs. Lieder's school—the first ever opened in this country for the instruction of females; and many more will be found in a few years, from the schools of the American missionaries, where a number of Copt girls are receiving Christian instruction. But the early marriages prevent the progress of education from being nearly so rapid as it ought to be, a large proportion of girls being married before they have learned much.

From constant neighbourhood and association with Moslems, and from the isolation of some families in country villages far from all means of improvement, a great many Copts appear scarcely distinguishable from the Moslems, except in name; and it is said that the

children of some such scattered families have become Moslems. When staying at a village near the Pyramids of Ghizeh, a Protestant missionary was endeavouring to collect a few of the resident Bedouins to listen to the Scriptures, and was greatly interested by the following circumstance. A Mohammedan sheikh came one afternoon, bringing with him three men evidently of the peasant class, but not seeming very poor—indeed, there are few such, comparatively speaking, in Egypt. "These are Copts," said he, after saluting the missionary; "I have brought them to hear the book." The men explained that they and their families were the only Copts residing in a village at about a mile's distance, and that this Mohammedan was one of the chief men of the place, and that he had told them yesterday he had been to hear some things out of the Christians' book which a gentleman had brought to the Pyramids; "And you," he said, "call yourselves Christians, and yet know nothing about this book: go and listen and hear for yourselves." So they said they felt sorry and ashamed of their ignorance, for they knew the Bible was the book of Christians, and they could read; but there were no books or schools within reach, and no one to take any trouble about them. They seated themselves very willingly, while the missionary opened the Scriptures, and for two hours they remained listening with great attention, and one of them asked several questions; the others, though more silent, appeared also much interested. Before separating, the missionary told them that he and the party who were with him meant to have prayers and reading in Arabic the following day, which was Sunday, and any one who liked to join should be very welcome. The whole party thanked him for the offer; but the Mohammedans did not come; to join in a Christian's prayer is one of the last points their bigotry can overcome; but two of the Copts came, and they said their companion was detained by business, or would have joined them. Keeping the Lord's Day free from ordinary work is not a doctrine of the Coptic church, apparently. These two were attentive listeners to the simple service, and especially to the discourse (which was rather a familiar and simple explanation of scripture than a regular sermon) that concluded it, and seemed really moved by the affectionate exhortation given them to seek the Saviour while yet there was time, and ere it might be too late. They thankfully accepted three copies of the Gospel of Matthew which were offered them, and one said, "Sir, I think you have been sent here by God for the saving of our souls; we did not know these things before, and I am sure God has sent you." This man invited the missionary and his friends to visit him the next day; but, though very desirous to do so, he was unable, as the floods were out for the purpose of irrigating the land, and they actually turned the village and its grove of palms, where the three Coptic families lived, into an island quite inaccessible save by boat, which just there was not to be had. The party were therefore obliged to return by a long round to Cairo, instead of calling on their new friend and seeing his establishment, which he wanted to show them: his business was that of a *rearer of chickens*, or, in other words, he kept a large egg-oven—a curious though not a very pleasant concern.

There is no doubt that, on the whole, the Coptic part of the Egyptian population is more acceptable to Christians than the rest; and partly for this reason, partly because of the interest felt in them as the remnant—degraded in their faith, indeed, and sunk in ignorance, but still a remnant—of a once really Christian church, they have absorbed almost all the missionary efforts made in Egypt. But the Mohammedan part has once

claim on our Christian zeal which will, I trust, in time give them, not casually and slightly, but distinctly and fully, a share in missionary labours; and this is their numbers! Only let us think of this great city, wherein are so many thousand persons that cannot discern between their right hand and their left, and remember how far the largest proportion of these are Mohammedans, and we shall feel our hearts swell with the desire to help in some way to bring them to the light, to save, if it may be, but a little that shall be holy unto the Lord in the great harvest day.

In dealing with Copts and Moslems, we do not, I regret to say, find that superiority on the side of the former which might have been expected: the love of gain, and propensity to swear falsely, and call God to witness their truth when telling a lie, etc., are as commonly found in one as the other, while in sobriety the Moslem certainly is the superior. The only real advantage one has in dealing with Copts is, that they are more easily won to friendly relations with foreigners, and more desirous of education, especially of late years. There is, of course, a sort of stand-still quality in Mohammedanism which is a hindrance in the way of radical improvement, and a great deal of positive bitterness and dislike to Christians, not in all, but in a great many. No Coptic butcher, for instance, though he would be just as likely to give false weight, would have shown the actual rudeness which I met one day from a Moslem butcher, who told the friend who accompanied me in search of some meat—an article not always easily obtained in Cairo—that we were Christians, and might go and look for meat in the Frank quarter, saying, in the most uncivil tones, "Go! buy among the Franks; don't come here!" An old man near him—his father, I believe—said mildly, "Nay, my son, their money is good; let them have what they require." An old woman, who, from her dress, might have been supposed very poor, but from her purchasing meat on a day not a festival was probably very well off, remarked, though less rudely than the man, "Why do you not go to the Frank quarter and buy?" I told her that I dwelt among her people, and had a school for their children, and therefore why might I not also eat with them? She was pacified by this reply, and, patting me condescendingly on the shoulder, assured me I was her daughter.

However, tradesmen accustomed to deal with Europeans are civil and often obliging, and would no doubt be more so if they had reason to respect Franks more than the greater number of Maltese, Italians, and Greeks let them do. Those engaged in tuition do not usually find difficulty in having a mixture of scholars—perhaps a Protestant superintendent, as belonging to neither Copt nor Moslem, has the advantage of impartiality; but there is trouble with them on the whole, as far as this difference extends. One can only hope and pray that all may in time be drawn nearer and nearer to the light, and that the reverence now given by Copts to the Virgin Mary, and by the Moslems to the false prophet Mohammed, may be exchanged for that worship which is alone acceptable in the sight of God, that worship which is in spirit and in truth, and when the vain legends of the Koran, and the saints, and the pilgrimages to Mecca and Jerusalem shall be exchanged for the gospel of peace.

THE PALISADES.

AND THE HUDSON RIVER FROM NEW YORK TO ALBANY.
SCARCELY will the voyager who embarks on board one of the magnificent Hudson River steamboats (aptly termed

floating palaces)* that ply between the cities of New York and Albany have quitted the wharves of the former city before his attention will be attracted to the very remarkable range of cliff known as the Palisades, depicted in the accompanying engraving.

The Hudson, commonly called the North River, flows into the sea opposite the city of New York, and is navigable to vessels of large tonnage for a hundred and twenty miles above that city, and to steamboats and barges, to the Cohoes rapids, beyond the city of Troy, eight miles above Albany, and one hundred and fifty-eight miles above the city of New York.

The Palisades rise almost perpendicularly to the height of from three to four hundred feet above the level of the river, and extend a distance of five or six miles along the western or New Jersey shore, and opposite the northern extremity of the island of Manhattan, on which the city of New York stands.

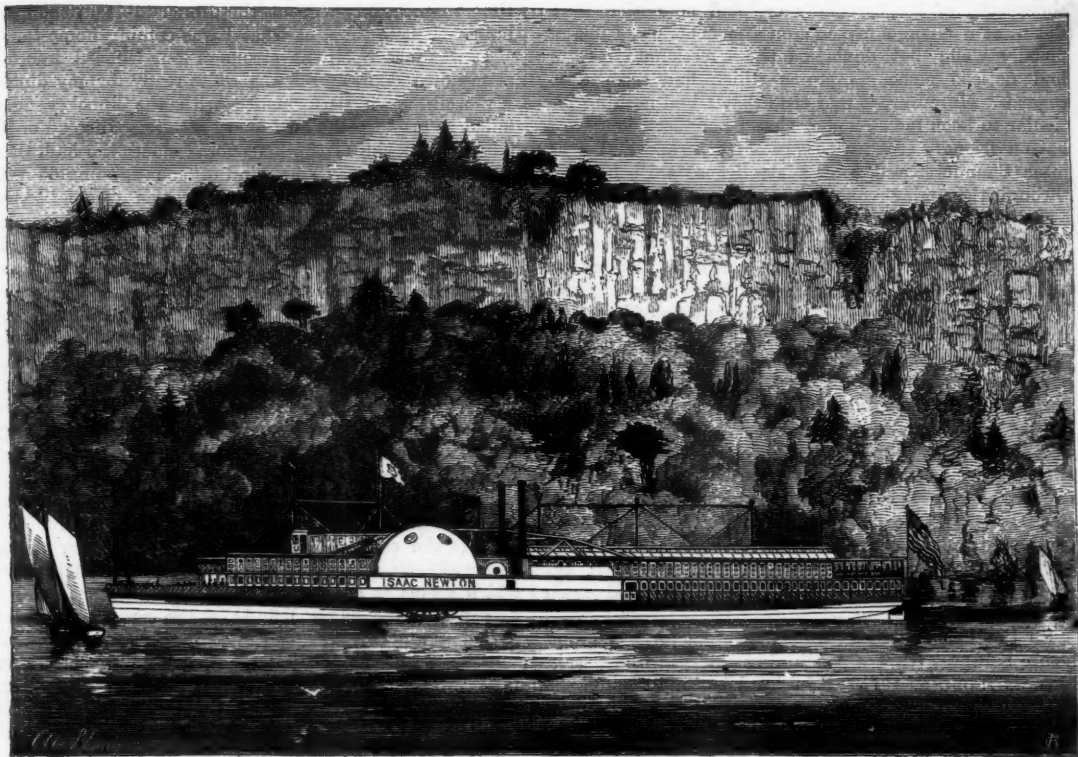
The bare, gray, fluted frontage of the Palisades presents a strange and marked contrast to the adjacent scenery on both banks of the river, which is remarkable for the freshness of its verdure and the luxuriance of its vegetation. Seen from a distance through the mists of the early morning, the Palisades resemble the walls and battlements of some ancient feudal stronghold, gradually unfolding themselves to view; and, coming upon them in the gloom of the evening, from the bright scenery beyond, one might imagine himself suddenly transported from the temperate zone to the bleak barren coasts of Greenland or Nova Zembla. Viewed narrowly, however, as the steamer proceeds up the river in broad daylight, close to their base, they bear no inapt resemblance to the rocks of Fingal's Cave and other similar geological formations. The surface is fluted in a similar manner, though not so deeply; while the half-formed columns or pillars seem to rest one upon another, as in their case.

The Hudson River has been compared by American travellers to the Rhine; but no comparison could well be more inappropriate. Each river possesses peculiar beauties of its own; but scarcely could two rivers be named whose prominent features are more distinct than those of the Hudson and the Rhine. In the domestic beauty of its scenery, and even in its magnificence, in certain parts, the Hudson River far excels the Rhine; while the former river lacks the historic associations which lead travellers to bestow praise upon the classic stream, of which it is, in fact, unworthy. Except between Cologne and Bingen, the shores of the Rhine present few natural beauties of scenery; its banks are often flat and low, and, but for an occasional picturesque town or village, or ruined castle, to which some romantic legend is attached, there is little to engage the attention of the traveller. With the Hudson it is exactly opposite: the *natural* beauties of its scenery are great and varied, while its *artificial* scenery has an aspect of newness and primness that deprives it, except in one or two spots, of any pretensions to the romantic. Nevertheless, the eye cannot fail to rest with pleasure upon the numerous neat and snug and frequently handsome and imposing villas and country-seats, each surrounded with its own well-kept garden or ornamental grounds, with which the eastern shore of the river is studded, from Spuyten Tuyf's Creek (which separates the island of Manhattan from the mainland), opposite the Palisades,

* The "Isaac Newton," depicted in the engraving, was a few years since the largest and handsomest of the Hudson River steamboats. She has since been burnt to the water's edge; but her place has been supplied by other steamers of similar model and appearance, still larger and handsomer.

almost to Tarrytown, thirty-five miles distant, and upon the numerous thriving towns and villages on both shores of the river (the houses glistening in the sun with the brightness of their paint), until the romantic pass of West Point is reached, and the blue outlines of the Cat-

Even the Americans themselves perceive the deficiencies; and, as—though they don't like others to laugh at *them*—they are the first to laugh at their own foibles, or at those of their countrymen, they nicknamed the structure, as I have said, Forrest's Folly.



THE PALISADES, ON THE HUDSON RIVER.

skill Mountains are seen in the distance. There are comparatively few gentlemen's seats on the western shore of the Hudson River; none, in fact, until far beyond the Palisades, although farmhouses are numerous; but the wealthy merchants of New York have made the eastern shore of the river their chosen abode, and they could hardly find elsewhere more beautiful sites for their dwellings. Here the Livingstones, the Grinnells, the Bleeckers, and others too numerous to mention, possess mansions and villas, with grounds and gardens sloping to the water's edge, within easy railroad distance from the city, whither they go and whence they return every morning and evening.

Among the most remarkable, though not among the handsomest or most picturesque of these private residences, is Forrest's Castle, or, as it is frequently called, Forrest's Folly. It is situated some fifteen or eighteen miles above the city, and was built by and belongs to Forrest, the American tragedian, whose ambition was to possess a castle similar to those inhabited by the nobles of Europe. He expended some two hundred thousand dollars, or about £40,000 sterling, upon the building and the surrounding grounds; but even this large sum of money was insufficient for the purpose to which it was applied. The castle looks like a mere child's toy as the traveller passes by it on the deck of the steamboat; the grounds and building appear alike mean and dwarfed, and the accessories of the surrounding scenery are all unfitted to such a structure.

It would occupy pages to describe the marvellous beauty of the scenery around West Point and certain other parts of the Hudson; but, though I intended merely to speak of the Palisades, I will conclude by saying that the New Yorkers have reason to be proud of their beautiful river, whose shores, from Manhattan Island and the Palisades at one extreme, and the cities of Albany and Troy and the Cohoes Falls at the other, present every variety of interesting and charming scenery, and that it is impossible to conceive a more delightful trip than a sail up the Hudson, from New York to Albany, on board one of the magnificent American river steamboats, either by daylight or on a bright moonlit summer night; and I may add that, though the usual cabin fare is three dollars, the trip can be frequently made during the height of summer for half-a-dollar, or two shillings sterling.

THE HOUSE OUT O' WINDOWS.

"My dear, it is a fine sunny day, and there is a beautiful air abroad. You have been wanting a change for some time; and I am sure it would do you good. Let me persuade you to pay friend Saunders, at Kingston, the visit you have owed him so long. You will find your favourite hawthorns in full blow in Bushy Park; and then there are the blossoming chestnuts, with their delightful fragrance, and an hour or two among the

pictures at Hampton Court. The Saunderses will be delighted to see you, and you will be sure of a warm welcome and a pleasant day; and you really have nothing of importance to keep you at home."

So spake my wife, as we sat at the breakfast-table one fine morning last June. It was very kind and thoughtful of her, especially as I had no notion that I did want a change myself: on the contrary, I felt unusually well; but doubtless the affectionate creature had noticed some symptoms which had escaped my regard. Moreover, it was true that I had nothing particular to keep me at home, that I had been longing to have a friendly croak with my old comrade and coadjutor Saunders, and that a stroll across Bushy Park through the umbrageous chestnut-alleys, and along that ferny footpath under the hawthorns, was one of my favourite summer rambles. The quiet beauty of the scene—the broad level mead bounded by the immemorial trees—the tall waving ferns, with groups of antlered heads peeping up above them—the showers of hawthorn spray, veritable summer-snow, which my lonely footfall would bring down like rain upon my head as I passed beneath the trees—all this rose clearly to my mind's eye as she spoke; and I needed little persuasion to acquiesce in her kind suggestion.

"Then, dear, I will put a change of linen in your little leather bag, so that you can stay all night if you choose; for I know how it will be when you and Saunders get together: he won't let you come away to-night, if he can help it."

"Thank you, my dear: you can pack the bag; but whether I stay the night or not will depend upon circumstances."

So the bag was packed, Jemima went for a cab, and before half-past ten I was spinning along in a fast train towards Hampton Court, thinking what a lucky idea it was of my wife, and what a pleasant time of it Saunders and I would have together. The day was exquisite; the landscape was everywhere green as an emerald, save where the flashes of sunlight gleaming along the fore-shortened meadows gave them the semblance of bars of gold. Arrived at Hampton Court, I left my bag at the hotel, intending that Saunders's lad should call for it, and sped along the old route across the park to Kingston, imbibing health and vigour at every step. But a disappointment awaited me. When I knocked at the door of Saunders's villa, instead of the customary prompt appearance of his "buttons," there was a pause ominous of something unpleasant, and then a cracked, wiry voice hailed me from below with the words, "What d'ye please to want?" I looked down the area upon a slipshod girl, who, from her scared look, I saw was alone in the house.

"I want your master," I said. "Is not Mr. Saunders at home?"

"No, sir, he ain't."

"Then I'll see Mrs. Saunders."

"She ain't at home naythur, sir—there baint nobody at home not at all—they be all gone for a month to Sow Fen" (she meant to say Southend). "Master and Missis and Miss 'Gelina and baby, and cook and housemaid, and Mister Jeems an' all."

"Indeed! That's unfortunate; but come up and open the door: I shall be glad to sit down a few minutes;" for I had walked myself into a perspiration.

"Plee, sir, I baint to open the door not to nobody, along o' the ticket-o'-leaves."

Here was a rather untoward consummation of my wife's kindly intentions in my favour. But there was no help for it, and nothing for me to do but to retrace

my steps homewards. I was not in a hurry, however, to do that, but, sauntering leisurely again through the park, found my way to the Palace Gardens, thence into the picture-galleries, and whiled away the morning as agreeably as I could. At a quarter to three I took the train to town, knowing that I should reach home in time to meet my wife at the dinner-table at the usual hour. I little thought what I was coming home to.

It was just upon the stroke of four when I knocked at my own door, and I was quite ready for my dinner. My well-known performance with the knocker again failed to produce the customary results. Instead of the tripping foot-fall of the housemaid along the hall, there was a scuffling, shuffling kind of sound, mingled with vocal utterances which struck me as ejaculations of alarm. Then there seemed to be a struggle going on in the passage; and at last, just as I had the knocker in hand for a second appeal, the door opened slowly, and Nancy the kitchen-maid stood behind it, her brown hair all limp and fluffy, her rosy face begrimed with dirt, and her fingers dripping with earth-coloured suds. It is as much as I can possibly accomplish to get into my own house, for the entire floor of the hall is covered with dusty carpets, console-tables, chairs, ottomans, rolled-up rugs, squabs, bolsters, work-boxes, writing-desks, and other furniture. Although it is the dinner-hour, there is no appetizing odour from the kitchen; and there is cook, instead of bending over the spit, kneeling upon the ground and scrubbing away at the stairs. Instead of the odour of the roast, there is a very strong odour of soap, with more than a suspicion of turpentine, which seems to come from the parlours. On forcing a way in over the débris, I find that the carpets have been ripped up and carried off; the dining-tables, cheffoniers, and sofas, with I don't know how many other etceteras, are crowded together in the centre of the apartment, and are covered over with a party-coloured array of domestic rags, in the shape of old coverlets, window-blinds, and bed-hangings, released, for the nonce, from top-shelves, bottom-drawers, and corner-cupboards, where they are usually kept concealed in durance vile. Stalking about on planks supported above the heap of furniture are old Splasher, the whitewasher, and his man Hod, both of whom are slobbering away at the ceilings with their long brushes, the former growling angrily at the position of the book-case, which was too heavy, with its burden of books, to be moved, and stands in the way of his work. There is Mrs. Potts, the charwoman, prostrate on the floor, which she grasps desperately with one hand, while with the other she is scouring the paint of the skirting-boards; and there is that gruesome sister of Mrs. Potts, the beadle's widow, trying to polish up the folding-doors with her soapy flannel. The men do not condescend to notice me as I gaze wonderingly; but it is different with the two Pottses, who, it is evident, feel their privilege invaded. They say nothing, but they stare at me with all their eyes, as though I were the offspring of some dragon's tooth sprung suddenly from the ground. My modesty succumbs to their stony gaze, and, ashamed of my intrusion, I rush away up-stairs to my own private study. There I find matters no better; indeed, with the single exception that Splasher has had his will with the ceiling, and that business is over, they are considerably worse. The carpet is not only gone, but the floor is a kind of half-dried puddle of liquid size and whitening, the fellows having upset their pail of wash in their hurry to get done. My papers have been arranged and "put to rights" in what housemaids imagine to be an orderly manner; that is, they have all been piled in a heap, and covered up with an old window-

blind, to save them from the droppings of Splasher's long brush: as if *that* was putting to rights. The bookshelves on three sides of the room are draped in sheets of "Times" Supplements, the only drapery visible in the apartment. The pictures have left the walls, and are cunningly stacked under the writing-table; the busts have left the brackets, and are sprawling all together on the sofa, with the exception of Lord Bacon, who has been thrust head-downwards into the waste-paper basket, to shield his venerable head from accidental damage. It is in vain that I look round for a place to sit down; the chairs are all there, but their bottoms are out, and I hear Betty pelting away at them in the back garden with one of my walking-sticks, to get the dust out of them. On the balcony outside the window the painter's man is cleaning the panes; and he grins at me triumphantly as he notes my scared and bewildered aspect, but, catching my eye of a sudden, relapses into a face of stolid indifference, then purses up his mouth and begins whistling "Home, sweet home," of all tunes in the world.

I ring the bell, but no one comes; I ring again, rather emphatically the second time, and then I hear my wife's voice on the landing above, "My dear, you must come up to the nursery." So I go up, and find her sitting down to a dinner of eggs and bacon, and I hungry as a hunter, with my morning's ride and long country walks. I draw the veil over the scene that ensues—not but what I consider I behaved as well as could be expected under the circumstances; and I am the last man, I hope, to attach undeserved blame to my better half. I may here confess that, though most disagreeably astounded by the sudden transformation which had taken place at No. 18, I was not really so surprised as I ought to have been, because I had in times past had my misgivings that some such domestic *débâcles* did take place occasionally; and now I imagined that I could recall certain seasons when they must have happened. This turning of the house out of windows, I was confidentially and connubially informed, becomes an indispensable necessity at least once a year; and the best time to get it done is late in the spring, or early in the summer, just as the up-stairs fires are all done with, and the ornamental papers are ready to go into the grates. It should be done thus early, my authority informs me, in order that one may have the summer clear before one, for visits to country cousins, or jaunts to the sea-side, from which last one may not perhaps return until it is time for the up-stairs fires again, etc., etc.

I listened to this lucid and satisfactory explanation with as much philosophic patience as I could muster. I suppose it is all right: at least I have no intention of disputing it; but, if it is right (begging pardon of all notable housewives), I don't see why Paterfamilias should be artfully trepanned out of the way, under the pretence that he is wanting a change, when it is the house that wants a change, and not he.

A VISIT TO SWARTHMOOR HALL.

WITHIN a short distance of the town of Ulverstone, upon a bleak though cultivated upland overlooking the broad estuary of the Leven, with its treacherous sands, fells, and mountains rising in blue solemnity beyond, stands an ancient mansion, one of special interest amongst the innumerable old halls with which Lancashire abounds. By no means so quaint in its architectural details, so enriched with carvings, so crested with marvellous chimneys, so picturesquely piebald and overhanging in the upper storeys, as are many of the half-timbered halls of

Lancashire, it is nevertheless a place of considerable extent, having upon its face the stamp of antique dignity—many-gabled, many-windowed, a mansion unmistakably belonging to the Tudor era.

A history of peculiar interest attaches to the place, though of a character less startling than those connected with certain other mansions in the same county. It is a history of domestic virtue, of deep religious conviction, and of long unflinching obedience to the dictates of conscience.

Years ago, beneath a glowing summer sky, seated with a dear companion in a lovely mountain region, with tender-eyed mountain flowers making fragrant the rich herbage around us, I had first become acquainted with this history, told in the terse and graphic words of "The Testimony of Margaret Fox concerning her Husband George Fox," and a strong desire had sprung up in both our minds to visit at some future day Swarthmoor Hall, the spot where this touching episode in the great drama of a religious revival had been enacted. And now we were about to visit it. It was a calm, cloudy afternoon, when Autumn was first audibly and perceptibly proclaiming her advent. Hundreds of swallows, assembled together in vast concourse for their approaching migration, were twittering loudly, darting around with rapid, keen wings, in eccentric evolutions, then suddenly, as if obedient to the word of command, settling to rest with a quaint solemnity upon the lines of the electric telegraph wires which skirted the curving railway below us. Long wedge-shaped flights of other bird-travellers were to be seen upon the horizon, floating seawards above the estuary and Sir John Barrow's Tower, and the indigotinted distant "hill country." Acorns and nuts were scattered beneath the hedgerows, whilst here and there bramble and dock leaves glowed with almost preternaturally vivid scarlet and crimson and orange, as if set on fire by the touch of autumn's burning hand.

Similar aspects of nature had probably in olden days, we thought, blended themselves with the religious musings of the inmates and frequenters of Swarthmoor Hall as they had passed up and down the selfsame road. But their roads must have been far more solitary, unimaginably more rough, with stones and deeply-worn cart-ruts, although no whit less crimson of hue; for assuredly seldom is a redder soil to be seen than that between Ulverstone and the Hall of Swarthmoor. But no long line of railway would then have met their eyes, no electric telegraph wires, no lighthouse-like tower, no fringe of elegant villas extending upwards from the town towards the moorlands, towards the *swarth* or black moor, *par excellence*; no pasture and corn-lands visible at any turn of the road—at most, perhaps, cultivation alone round the Hall itself.

It was not long ere, turning from the highway and entering a cart-track leading across some ill-drained land, we beheld the white gables of the back of the Hall, flanked by tall and somewhat gaunt trees. Involuntarily we paused, the better and more carefully to scan the features of the house whose aspect had once been familiar with the familiarity of home to that "honourable servant of the Lord, George Fox;" to his noble-hearted, devoted wife, a veritable "mother in Israel;" to his persecuted and dauntless followers, James Naylor, Thomas Elwood, and others of the "stock of the martyrs" of that house, which, during a long course of years, had been an asylum for the much persecuted "children of light;" towards which, as towards an ark of comparative refuge and of peace, had many a sigh of natural yearning been directed from the depth and narrowness of noisome, pestilential gaols; and from beneath whose roof had issued forth

words inspired, as their writer unhesitatingly believed, by the Holy Ghost, words whose influence has not yet ceased in the land.

Through an ordinary five-barred gate we entered a large dreary farm-yard, empty pretty nearly, except for certain heaps of faggots, logs, and timber. To our left extended long whitewashed outbuildings, partially ivy-covered. In front of us rose abruptly the back of the Hall. It was glaringly evident that the exterior of the entire building had lately passed through the trying process of "thorough repair." Nevertheless, there might be traced throughout a certain jealous and tender respect for its ancient form and fame. A brand-new grey slate roof there was, doubtless replacing one of more picturesque though leaky character. All weather-stains, all moss, lichens, and ivy had completely disappeared beneath, and to make way for, a brilliant coat of whitewash; whilst the ancient, long mullioned windows had been re-glazed. Here and there, under the coatings of whitewash and plaster, the forms of entirely or partially blocked-up windows could be traced. Suggestions, also as to the removal, at various periods, more or less remote, of porches, steps, and doors occurred to our minds; still, much remained wherewith to feed the imagination.

Knocking at the first door that we came to, a grave, brown-eyed, and depressed-looking woman opened to our summons—partially opened, for she stood holding the door in her hand half-closed, observing us the while with a scrutinizing and somewhat suspicious gaze.

"Might we see the inside of the Hall?" we asked; "for we had travelled far to see it."

"Well, yes, we might," she hesitatingly replied, still carefully studying the appearance of the gentleman and lady who stood before her.

"Did not she sometimes receive visitors?" my husband asked.

"Yes, but mostly Quakers; and not many of them."

Probably the good woman's severe scrutiny had been directed to the discovery of whether any portion of our apparel bespoke connection with that worthy religious body.

And now, having crossed the threshold, we found ourselves standing within a passage of but narrow dimensions, with a handsome old staircase, adorned with twisted balustrades of peculiar construction, leading from it. To the left hand was partitioned off a large, shadowy kitchen, in which the grave woman had evidently before our arrival been sitting at needlework. This kitchen and passage may originally have formed one apartment. To the right lay a large and beautifully proportioned room, lofty, and possessed of one specially attractive feature—a large bay window, approached by a broad step. This room had formerly been wainscoted, and had possessed a noble fireplace and mantelpiece; but these had now disappeared. "It was here, it is said," observed the grave woman, "that George Fox used to preach, and the Quakers held their meetings. I had once a book about it, with pictures of the Quakers going in and out with their big hats on; but I've lost it somehow." Most probably this was the parlour referred to in Margaret Fox's "Testimony," of which hereafter.

Our conductress now led us by a small door situated to the right of the fireplace, through a species of closet, into a wainscoted, low, long, narrow room, with windows looking into an orchard; a quaint, charming room indeed, every nook and corner of which seemed redolent of ancient and hallowed memories. Although the

wainscot was in excellent repair, no honourably antique furniture was present to bear it company. On the contrary, the room was filled with the belongings of our conductress; including china dogs, shepherds and shepherdesses, mahogany work-box, tin tea-caddy, and papier-maché tea-tray.

We reached the first floor by the handsome old staircase, observing on our way that the worn oaken steps, which in by-gone days must have creaked beneath the tread of many a "child of light," and occasionally also under the feet of their persecutors, were carefully encased in stout new deal boards. The black old balustrades stood, however, intact.

Here we were ushered into two spacious apartments, the sole plenishing of which were the clean, patchwork-quilt-covered bedsteads of the present inmates of the Hall. Both these rooms were handsomely wainscoted, the wainscot having recently been carefully re-varnished and repaired. Especially in one room was this wainscot noteworthy, being encircled near the ceiling and round the door-ways by a broad border carved in beautiful relief, and the front of the tall, broad mantelpiece being ornamented by carved sprays of vine and lily intertwined. "A beautiful symbolism," we remarked one to the other, "for the chambers of an apostolic man." Thus, at once, involuntarily, we had assigned this room to George Fox.

"This is said to have been the judge's private sitting-room," observed the woman of the house; "the judge, Judge Fell, whose widow married George Fox, you know, sir," she added, as if in explanation. "The judge took much to the Quakers, as you'll maybe remember better than me. The next room is said to have been the judge's bedroom. He had only to step out of one room into the other, you see. And, if you will look this way, there is a kind of closet opening out of the sitting-room, with a door in the outer wall, now nailed up. It used to lead down into the orchard, but the steps have been removed."

If these have been the private apartments of Margaret Fox's first husband, they would in all probability have descended as such to her second, the worthy judge's worthy successor. And that private door, and the steps leading out into the orchard, had also for us their history! By that door, we felt assured, had the judge "been got away into the garden" by "Lampit, priest of Ulverston," when he came full of wrath against George and "the witches," as he styled the Quakers and "spoke much to the judge," but "got not much entrance to him."

What other apartments are contained within the walls of Swarthmoor Hall these deponents say not, small encouragement having been given to their further investigation by the urgent assurances of their conductress "that in truth there were no other rooms worth seeing. There were other rooms, certainly, yes; but there was nothing that could be seen, nothing more that could be shown." Thus perforce we again descended the old staircase, leaving, however, our imaginations free to wander through the unseen chambers, where the members of Margaret Fell's "great family," to whom occasional allusion is made in her "Testimony," had found their dormitories, and where more than once the sanctuary of home had been violated by armed troopers, making ruthless search after concealed "recusants," and "prick-eared Quaker dogs," "worse than heathen."

Receiving permission from the good woman to wander at will about the premises, we unhasped a small gate at the right-hand corner of the mansion, and entered the

orchard. It encircles two sides of the Hall; and here, probably, in old times lay the garden. High in the wall we observed the nailed-up door leading from the judge's room. Above it are built into the wall rudely-carved flat stones. No trace of the long flight of steps remained. The Hall rises white, gaunt, and bare from amidst the rank grass of the orchard, unornamented by flower-bed, ivy, or creeper. The orchard slopes gradually away from the old house towards the fields, from which, on the lower side, it is divided by a hedge. On the upper side it is shut in by an ancient grey-stone wall, indented into battlements through age, and crowned by luxuriant bushes of venerable ivy. This picturesque wall, in appearance, is the most antiquated piece of masonry about the place. The orchard is sparsely set with trees. Most of them are young; yet here and there rises a tall old walnut, apple, cherry, or pear-tree, the leaves of the latter already flushed with bright crimson. Cutting the orchard sheer in two, and deeply buried beneath its banks, runs a rivulet, forcing its way amidst large stones; tangles of blackberry and hazel bushes, rank grass, spear-mint, and dock and darnels concealing its course, except at rare intervals.

With the quaint old ivy-crested wall behind us, with the bramble-concealed rivulet below our feet, we seated ourselves upon the dry tussocky grass of the sloping orchard, drew forth from our travelling satchel a somewhat bulky volume, and began to read.

The book was "The Testimony of Margaret Fox concerning her late Husband George Fox; together with a brief Account of some of his Travels, Sufferings, and Hardships, endured for the Truth's sake," and we read as follows:—

"It having pleased Almighty God to take away my dear husband out of this troublesome world, who was not a man thereof, being chosen out of it, and had his life and being in another region, and his testimony was against the world, that the deeds thereof were evil, and therefore the world hated him; so I am now to give in my account and testimony for my dear husband.

"In the year 1652 it pleased the Lord to draw him towards us; so he came on from Sedburg into Westmoreland, and so on to Swarthmore, my dwelling-house, whither he brought the blessed tidings of the everlasting gospel, which I and many hundreds in these parts have cause to bless the Lord for. My then husband, Thomas Fell, was not at home at that time, but gone the Welsh circuit, being one of the judges of assize; and, our house being a place open to entertain ministers and religious people at, one of George Fox's friends brought him hither, where he staid all night. And next day, being a lecture or fast-day, he went to Ulverston steeple-house,* but came not in till people were gathered. I and my children had been a long time there before. And when they were singing before the sermon he came in, and when they had done singing he stood up upon a seat or form, and desired that he might have 'liberty to speak;' and he that was in the pulpit said he might.

"I stood up in my pew and wondered at his doctrine; for I had never heard such before. And then he went on, and opened the Scriptures. . . . 'Art thou a child of the light, and hast walked in the light, and what thou speakest, is it inwardly from God?' etc. This opened me so, that it cut me to the heart; and then I saw clearly we were all wrong, so I sat down in my pew again, and cried bitterly; and I cried in the spirit to the

Lord, 'We are all thieves! we have taken the Scriptures in words, and know nothing of them in ourselves.' So that served me that I cannot well tell what he spoke afterwards. And there was one John Sawrey, a justice



SWARTHMOOR HALL.

of the peace, and a professor, that bid the churchwarden take him away; and he laid his hands on him several times, and took them off again, and let him alone; and then after a while he gave over, and came to our house again that night. And he spoke in the family amongst the servants, and they were all generally convinced; as William Caton, Thomas Salthouse,* Mary Askew, Anne Clayton, and several other servants. And I was struck with such a sadness I knew not what to do, my husband being from home. I saw it was the truth, and I could not deny it; and I did as the apostle saith, 'I received the truth in the love of it;' and it was opened to me so clear that I had never a tittle in my heart against it; but I desired the Lord that I might be kept in it, and then I desired no greater portion.

"He went on to Dalton, Aldingham, etc., and the people followed him mightily; but the priests were all in a rage. And about two weeks after, James Naylor and Richard Farnsworth followed him, and inquired him out till they came to Swarthmore, and there staid a while with me at our house, and did me much good; for I was under great heaviness and judgment. But the power of the Lord entered upon me within about three weeks that he came, and about three weeks' end my husband came home. And many were in a mighty rage, and a deal of the captains and great ones of the country went to meet my then husband as he was coming home, and informed him 'that a great disaster was befallen amongst his family, and that they were witches; and that they had taken us out of our religion; and that he must set them away, or all the country would be undone.'

"So my husband came home greatly offended, and any may think what a condition I was like to be in, that either I must displease my husband or offend God; for he was very much troubled with us all in the house and family, they had so prepossessed him against us. But James Naylor and Richard Farnsworth were both then

* George Fox and the early "Friends" objected to give the building in which people met to worship God the name of church, declaring that the word "church" expressed the worshippers themselves, and not the place in which they simply assembled for worship.

* This name exists amongst the Friends of the district until the present generation. The large folio Bible once belonging to George Fox has been preserved by the family, and is shown to strangers as a precious relic.

at our house, and I desired them to come and speak to him; and so they did very moderately and wisely; but he was at first displeased with them, till they told him 'they came in love and good-will to his house!' And after that he had heard them speak awhile, he was better satisfied, and they offered as if they would go away; but I desired them to stay and not go away yet, for George Fox will come this evening. And I would have had my husband to have heard them all, and satisfied himself further about them, because they had so prepossessed him of such dangerous, fearful things in his first coming home. And then he was pretty moderate and quiet, and, his dinner being ready, he went to it, and I went in and sat me down by him. And whilst I was sitting, the power of the Lord seized upon me, and he was struck with amazement, and knew not what to think, but was quiet and still. And the children were all quiet and still, and grown sober, and could not play on their music that they were learning; and all these things made him quiet and still.

"At night George Fox came; and, after supper, my husband was sitting in the parlour, and I asked him if George Fox might come in. And he said, yes. So George came in without any compliment, and walked into the room, and began to speak presently; and the family, and James Naylor, and Richard Farnsworth came in, and he spake very excellently as ever I heard him, and opened Christ's and the apostles' practices, which they were in, in their day. . . . And so my husband came to see clearly the truth of which he spoke, and was very quiet all that night, said no more, and went to bed. The next morning came Lampit, priest of Ulverston, and got my husband into the garden, and spoke much to him there. But my husband had seen so much the night before, that the priest got but little entrance upon him.

"This was on the sixth day of the week, about the fifth month, 1652. And at our house divers friends were speaking one to another how there were several convinced, and we could not tell where to get a meeting. My husband also being present, he overheard, and said of his own accord, 'You may meet here if you will.' And that was the first meeting that we had that he offered here of his own accord. And then notice was given that day and the next to Friends, and there was a good large meeting the first day, which was the first meeting which was at Swarthmore, and so continued there a meeting from 1652 to 1690. And my husband went that day to the steeple-house, and none with him but his clerk and his groom that rid with him; and the priest and the people were all fearfully troubled; but, praised be the Lord, they never got their wills upon us that day.

"After a few weeks George went to Ulverston steeple-house again, and the said Justice Sawrey, with others, set the rude rabble upon him, and they beat him so that he fell down as in a swoon, and was sore bruised and blackened in his body, and on his head and arms. Then my husband was not at home; but when he came home he was displeased that they should do so, and spoke to Justice Sawrey, and said, 'It was against law to make riots.' After that he was sore beat and stoned at Walny, till he fell down, and also at Dalton was he sore beat and abused; so that he had bad usage in divers places in these parts. And then, when a meeting was settled here, he went again into Westmoreland. . . .

"In 1658 Judge Fell died. In 1660 George Fox came again out of the south into the north, and had a great general meeting about Balby, in Yorkshire, and so came on, visiting friends in many places, till he came to

Swarthmore again; and King Charles being then come in, the justices sent out warrants that he drew away the King's liege people, to the endangering, the embruing the nation in blood, and sent him prisoner to Lancaster Castle. And I, having a great family, and he being taken in my house, I was moved of the Lord to go to the King at Whitehall, and took with me a declaration and an information of our principles; and long time and much ado I had to get to him. But at last, when I got to him, I told him, 'If he was guilty of those things, I was guilty, for he was taken in my house.' And I gave the King the paper of our principles, and desired that he would set him at liberty, as he had promised that none should suffer for tender consciences, and we were of tender consciences, and desired nothing but the liberty of our consciences. And then, with much ado, after he had been kept prisoner near half a year at Lancaster, we got a *habeas corpus*, and removed him to the King's Bench, where he was released. And then would I gladly have come home to my great family, but was bound in my spirit, and could not have freedom to get away for a whole year. And the King had promised me, several times, that we should have our liberty. And then the monarchy-men rose; and then came the great and general imprisonment of Friends the nation through. And so could I not have freedom nor liberty to come home, till we had got a general proclamation for all our friends' liberty, and then I had freedom and peace to come home.

"In 1663 he came north again, and to Swarthmore; and then they sent out warrants, and took him again, and had him to Holcrop before the justices, and tendered him the oath of allegiance, and sent him prisoner to Lancaster Castle. And about a month after the justices sent for me also out of my house, and tendered me the oath, and sent me prisoner to Lancaster. After that, it pleased the Lord that he was released. But I continued in prison, and a prisoner, four years at that time, and an order was procured from the counsel, whereby I was set at liberty. And in that time I went down into Cornwall with my son and daughter Lower, and came back by London to the yearly meeting, and there I met with him again. And then he told me 'the time was drawing towards our marriage, but he might first go into Ireland.'

"Afterwards I went to the west, towards Bristol, in 1669, and there I stayed till he came over from Ireland, which was eleven years after my former husband's decease. And, being returned to Bristol, he declared his intentions of marriage; and there, accordingly, our marriage was solemnized,* and then, within ten days after, I came homewards, and my husband stayed up and down amongst Friends, visiting them.

"Soon after I came home, there came another order from the council to cast me into prison again; and the sheriff of Lancashire sent his bailiff, and pulled me out of my own house, and had me prisoner to Lancaster Castle, upon the old premunire, where I continued a whole year; and most part of all that time I was sick and weakly, and also my husband was sick and weakly at that time. After a while he recovered, and went about to get me out of prison; and a discharge at last was got under the Great Seal, and so I was set at liberty. And then I was to go up to London again, for my husband was intending for America. And he was full two

* Although George Fox thus became connected with this wealthy family, he never claimed any worldly advantage from his marriage. He and his step-children lived on the most amicable terms with each other, as is proved by a "Testimony," signed by them, and appended to the "Testimony" of their mother.

years away. Arriving at Bristol (on his return) he came thence to London, and intended to have come to the middle of the nation with me. But when we came into some parts of Worcestershire, they got there information of him; and one Justice Parker, by his warrant, sent him and my son Lower to Worcester Gaol. And the justices there tendered him the oath, and pre-munired him, but released my son Lower, who stayed with him most of the time he was prisoner there.

"And after some time he fell sick in a long, lingering sickness, and many times was very ill; so they wrote me from London, that if I would see him alive, I might go to him, which accordingly I did. And after I had tarried seventeen weeks with him at Worcester, and no discharge like to be obtained for him, I went up to London, and wrote to the King an account of his long imprisonment, and that he was taken in his travel home-wards, and that he was sick and weak, and not like to live, if they kept him long there. And I went with it to Whitehall myself. And I met the King, and gave him the paper; and he said I must go to the Chancellor: he could do nothing in it. Then I writ also to the Lord Chancellor, and went to his house, and gave him my paper, and spoke to him, 'That the King had left it wholly to him; and if he did not take pity, and release him out of that prison, I feared he would end his days there.' And the Lord Chancellor Finch was a very tender man, and spoke to the judge, who gave out an *habeas corpus* presently. And when we got it, we sent it down to Worcester. And they would not part with him at first, but said he was pre-munired, and was not to go out on that manner. And then we were forced to go to Judge North and to the Attorney-General; and we got another order, and sent down from them. And with much ado, and great labour and industry of William Mead and other Friends, we got him up to London, where he appeared at Westminster Hall, at the King's Bench, before Judge Hales, who was a very honest, tender man; and he knew they had imprisoned him but in envy. . . . And there was but little said till he was acquitted. And this was the last prison that he was in, being freed by the Court of King's Bench.

"When he was at liberty, he recovered again; and then I was very desirous to go home with him, which we did. And this was the first time that he came to Swarthmore after we were married.

"And though the Lord had provided an outward habitation for him, yet he was not willing to stay long at it, because it was so remote from London, where his service most lay. And my concern for God and his holy eternal truth was then in the north, where God had placed me; and likewise for the ordering and governing of my children and family; so that we were willing both of us to live apart some years upon God's account, and his truth's service, and to deny ourselves of that comfort which we might have had in being together, for the sake and service of the Lord and his truth. And if any took occasion to judge hard of us because of that, the Lord will judge them; for we were innocent. And, for own part, I was willing to make many long journeys for taking away all occasion of evil thoughts. And though I lived two hundred miles from London, yet have I been nine times there on the Lord's and his truth's account. And of all the times that I was in London, the last time was the most comfortable, when the Lord was pleased to give me strength and ability to travel that great journey, being seventy-six years of age, to see my dear husband, who was better in his health and strength than many times I had seen

him before. I look upon it that the Lord's special hand was in it that I should go then, for he lived but about half a year after I left him; which makes me admire the wisdom and goodness of God in ordering my journey at that time.

"And now he hath finished his course and his testimony, and is entered into his eternal rest and felicity. I trust in the same powerful God that his holy arm and power will carry me through, whatever he hath yet for me to do; and that he will be my strength and support, and the bearer up of my head unto the end and in the end. For I know his faithfulness and goodness, and have experience of his love. To whom be glory and powerful dominion, for ever. Amen. M. F."

Closing the quaint volume, we lifted our eyes and beheld, framed within an opening of the hedge-row trees, a lovely idyllic picture fraught with a strangely soothing, yet pensive poetry. Its salient points were simple enough.

A pale, yellowish white slope of ripe corn, backed by dusky hedge-rows, trees and woods, olive and russet-tinted, shutting out all horizon. A man, dressed in dust-coloured clothes, with brightly white shirt-sleeves, guiding two horses, one black and one dappled-grey, harnessed to a reaping-machine, the incessant *click, click* of which, interspersed with the man's interjectional talk to his horses, fell soothingly upon the ear. Two boys, one conspicuous from the deep clear blue of his Guernsey-shirt, following the machine, and as the mechanically reaped corn fell behind in broad swath, gathering and binding it up with ceaselessly industrious hands.

To us the scene appeared a parable, reminding us of the vast innumerable harvests of religious truth which the great "Lord of the harvest" is ceaselessly, through centuries and cycles, sowing, reaping, and garnering, for the spiritual sustainment of His children, in order that no lack of spiritual bread may ever come nigh them; reminding us also, that, even though needs be "tares" of evil must ever spring up in every human field together with the seed sown by God himself, it may be his will to allow both to remain side by side, until the day of the final harvest arrives, when "the angels, the reapers," God-commissioned, shall separate them, "binding the one in bundles to burn, gathering the other into the barn of God."

And thus terminated our visit to Swarthmoor Hall.

A. M. HOWITT WATTS.

Original Fables.

TOWN AND COUNTRY DONKEYS.

"Oh, my boy, London's the place! Don't tell me; I'm not going to abuse the rurals, but *London and Life!* London and life! that's *my* choice."

And, the Town Donkey having delivered himself, put his nose into a gardener's cart near at hand, and took a taste of a cabbage.

"Well, Jack," replied Ned, "every one to his liking; but I own, the sooner my master takes me back again, the better I shall like it."

"Marvellous!" said Jack, taking a second bite at the cabbage; "such privileges and advantages as we have here!"

"I don't think you look much the better for them," said Ned; "in fact, you have grown so shabby and dingy, and—don't be offended—dirty-looking, that if it had not been for your expression, I shouldn't have known you."

"Rather personal; but never mind," said Jack: "*that* arises from being narrow-minded, which all country people—don't be offended—are."

"We are honest, at any rate," said Ned, glancing significantly at his companion's nose, which was again directed to the cart.

"Hah, hah! good that!" said Jack. "My dear boy, your thieving hasn't the ingenuity, the dexterity, let us say the intellect, of ours; you are stupid at it, clumsy, and so forth. Still, a thief is a thief, whether on a common or in Newgate Street; and I confess with regret, I never knew a donkey, either in town or country, who was honest when his interests and chance gave him an opportunity of helping himself without invitation."

"You've been caught in some of your thefts, I should say; they know how to punish in London. Why, there are marks of ill-usage all over you!" said Ned, shifting the attack.

"Occasional kicks, no doubt; but I'd as soon get a gentle reminder from a London foot as from a nailed hoof in the country. A kick's a kick, come from what quarter it may," said Jack.

"But how you work!" said Ned.

"Work? yes, we do work; but so do you in the country, work *hard* at doing nothing. I'd rather rattle my master's cart about London from morning to night than stand gaping and blinking in the sun on a common for hours together."

"Well, you can't blink at the sun *here*," said Ned; "for I've never seen anything but a red wafer stuck upon the sky since I have been in the place."

"We've as much light as we want; besides, I assure you the sun does shine *here* sometimes," replied Jack.

"Does it?" said Ned; "well, good day. My master's coming; I shall go back well content. I used to envy my friends that were taken to a town life; but, though it's true London doesn't turn all into thieves and slaves, and honesty and happiness don't grow naturally in the country, like thistles, yet, looking at both sides, I can't help thinking I'm in the best place for me, and shall try henceforth to make more of my advantages."

THE BODY AND THE SOUL.

"BROTHER!" said the Soul to the Body, "we must shortly part; and now let us reckon together."

"Let us reckon, sister," said the Body.

"You have been active in labour, and toiled late and early, and gathered much gold; will you keep it with you, or shall I take it with me?" said the Soul.

"Alas!" said the Body, "how can I take it among the darkness and dust and corruption of the grave? what will it profit me there?"

"Nay, but how can I carry it where earth and earthly things are not suffered to enter? And it is, after all, but yellow earth."

"True. Then shortly it will be neither mine nor thine," said the Body, sorrowfully.

"Our reckoning is not over," said the Soul. "How are we to meet again—for we must meet again—will it be in sorrow or in joy? You have never allowed me to look heavenward, but have robbed me of freedom, and used all my powers to help you to get gold."

"Alas! *you* tempted me, and now you reproach me," cried the Body.

"What if we meet as fellow-tormentors, bound together for eternal misery? I am defiled as you are; you have never cared for our cleansing. I am without a right to heaven, as you are; you have never cared for an entrance to it. So, then, this gold will be our mocking accuser in eternity, and I shall reproach you for ever with having destroyed me to gain it."

OTHER PEOPLE'S TROUBLES EASY TO BEAR.

"You must really exercise patience," said an old Rat to a brother that had been caught in a trap. "No doubt it is painful; but squeaking will do you no good whatever, and it is very distressing to us to hear."

"You are mighty compassionate," said the prisoner, trying to ease his leg.

"Oh, I assure you I feel beyond all description for you," said the old Rat: "I can enter into your sufferings most fully; but, you see, notwithstanding that I grieve so acutely, I can command myself and behave with moderation."

"Very fine!" replied the captive; "I could do the same if I were sitting at my ease looking at you in this trap; but I doubt exceedingly if your philosophy would hold out if you were *here* instead of there."

THE CONCEIT OF IGNORANCE.

"WHAT are you staring at the fence for?" asked a conceited Pullet of a Hedgehog, who was minutely inspecting the boundary fence of the poultry-yard.

"I was trying to see, miss, if there was any way through it," the Hedgehog humbly replied.

"What for?" demanded the Pullet, pertly.

"I should like to see what's to be seen on the other side, if I could get there," said the Hedgehog.

"Oh, there's nothing worth seeing, take my word for it," said the Pullet, with great assurance.

"Yes, miss, certainly; no doubt, then, you know all about it," said the Hedgehog, deferentially.

"Oh, yes, you may be sure my opinion is worth having," said the Pullet, evading the Hedgehog's inquiry and turning away.

"Your opinion, miss! it is based on knowledge, of course?" asked the Hedgehog, anxious to learn her value as an authority.

"I don't know what you mean, exactly; but I can't waste time in talking now, while my friends yonder are eating up the barley," said the Pullet, moving off.

"I mean, miss, you've been on the top of the fence and seen all over it?" inquired the Hedgehog, earnestly.

"Not I: I wouldn't take the trouble," said the Pullet, much confused.

"Ah! then you have scratched your way under it, and have seen it from below," cried the Hedgehog, determined to know the truth.

"Not I: I wouldn't take so much trouble; but I know very good judges who have, and they have told me all about it," said the Pullet, running away from any more questions.

"Well, well," cried the Hedgehog; "was there ever such conceit? her wings are not long enough, I see now, to fly over the fence, nor her feet strong enough to scratch under it, and yet she talks as confidently about the other side as if she knew it all by heart. How true it is that ignorance and conceit go together!"

"IT MIGHT BE WORSE!"

"COCK-A-DOOD—Cock-a—*I can't* crow: it's utterly impossible; if I had spirits for it, this odious yellow thick stuff they call *fog* would get into my throat and prevent me. No; no more crowing for *me*, alas!" So said a dejected-looking Cock, as he stood on a November morning, a heap of ruffled, dingy feathers, on the top of a ruined fowl-house in the dark back-yard of a small house in London.

The hens, who were natives, went on tranquilly picking up the broken potato thrown out to them, and took no notice.

"Just look at my tail," he cried to one, as he glanced round at his finely arched feathers, that had a week before glistened in the sun like snow-flakes; "don't you see how dirty and shabby it is? And my wattles and my comb, they were as red as crimson; but my wattles, I can see, are getting yellow, and no doubt my comb is too. What a cruel tyranny to bring me from the finest of farmyards, where I was the admiration of so many hens, and where my voice might be heard the whole length of the village! I call this the climax of oppression and wrong, and myself the greatest of sufferers."

The hens still pecked away, though he looked at them for sympathy; they were afraid to contradict him (hens' hearts being but little braver than chickens'), but they thought he was no worse off than they were.

Half offended, the disconsolate Cock was about to demand from them a confession of his wrongs, when a lark in a small cage on the wall began his song, and went through it as though he had been mounting on free and vigorous wing to chaunt the glories of the early morning.

The Cock looked up shyly at him, then huddled himself up, then shook himself, then held up his head, and stood on both legs in a firm and resolute position; for it had passed through his mind thus: "Well, well, there's an end of my complaining; if you, whose happiness, every one knows, lay in mounting up into the sky, and nestling among your family in your beautiful country home, can sing so sweetly in that little prison, shut out from all you love, a lonely captive, I may well put up with my troubles: I see plainly there are worse cases than mine."

And, when he had thought all this, he set up as fine a crow as ever came from his dear farmyard, and began to make the best he could of his breakfast.